WINDMILLS AND WOODEN SHOES

MAUDE M. GRANT

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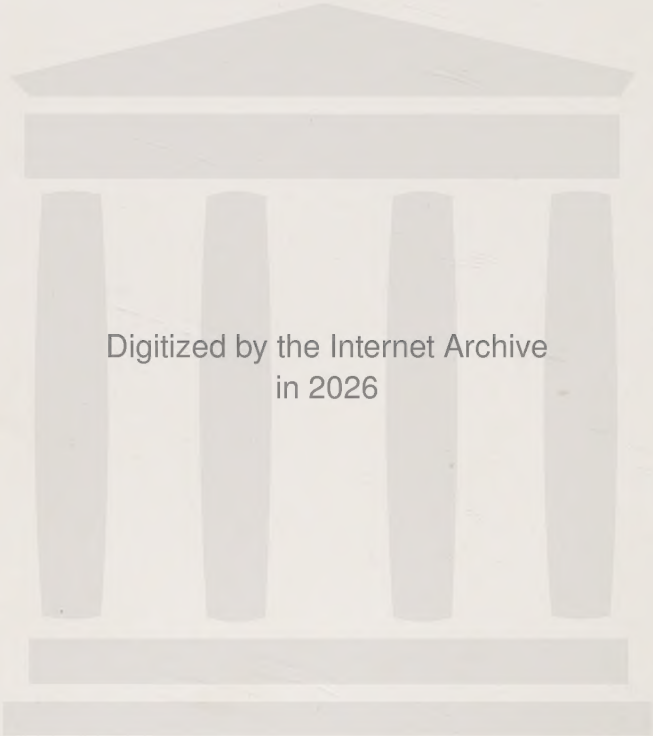
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WINDMILLS AND WOODEN SHOES

BY
MAUDE M. GRANT

ILLUSTRATED BY
BESS BRUCE CLEAVELAND

THE SOUTHERN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DALLAS, TEXAS

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PREFATORY NOTE

In "Windmills and Wooden Shoes" we have a continuous story of the doings of the Dutch children, Jan and Katrina and their little friends.

Teach the children to read this book so that the personalities of the children depicted therein will become vividly lifelike to the little readers. Encourage them to bring to class pictures of Dutch life and of Holland scenery.

Make the children in the book live for the children in the class. Let them close their eyes and see in imagination the big windmill, the canals with the drooping willow trees, the slow-moving barge, and the shadows in the water. Picture the busy market place, and the Dutch children at work and at play. Teach the children the words and music of the little song found on page 6. Both the words and music have been arranged to give the rhythmic sound of the wooden shoes as the little Dutch wearers "klip klop" about in their work and play.

The lessons in the book may be illustrated by the children with drawings and paper cuttings, — the Dutch house, the windmill, the Dutch children, the flowers in the garden, the stork, the geese, the dog and the milk-cart, the boats, the wooden shoes, and many other things that will suggest themselves from the text to the ingenious teacher.

MAUDE M. GRANT,
Monroe, Michigan.

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The Dutch Children

M. M. Grant M. M. Grant

1. Oh, the chil - dren of Hol - land wear wood - en
2. To the wind - mill they go for the meal and the
3. Oh, I think 'twould be quite hard to walk, don't

shoes,*With a klip, klop, klip, klop, klip, klop!
flour, With a klip, klop, klip, klop, klip, klop!
you? With a klip, klop, klip, klop, klip, klop!

They can run, jump and walk just as fast as they choose,
In the fields they tend great flocks of geese by the hour,
Oh, I real - ly don't see how the Dutch chil - dren do,

With a klip, klop, klip, klop, . klip, klop!
With a klip, klop, klip, klop, . klip, klop!
When they walk with a klip, . klip, klop!

*The children may beat time with their hands on the desks as they sing "Klip, klop."

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IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS AND WOODEN SHOES

O, the wind it is blowing with never a stop,
And the arms of the windmill go "Flip, flop, flop,"
Flip, flop, flop,
And around and round,
Till the water is pumped and the corn is ground.

O, the Dutch wooden shoes go "Klip, klop, klop,"
Toward the windmill that turns with its "Flip, flop, flop,"
Flip, flop, flop,
And around and round,
Till the water is pumped and the corn is ground.

And the little Dutch children with "Klip, klip, klop,"
Run away to the windmill that goes "Flip, flop,"
Flip, flop, flop,
And around and round,
Till the water is pumped and the corn is ground.

HOLLAND

Far over the sea is a country called Holland. It is not a large country.

The Dutch people live in Holland. They have made dikes to keep the sea from their land.

Do you know what dikes are?

They are huge walls made of stone. They are very large and strong. If a dike should break, the country would be flooded.

There are many canals in Holland. Some of the canals are so large and deep that big ocean steamships can sail on them.

There are many boats on the canals. People live on the boats all the year round.

THE DUTCH PEOPLE

The Dutch people are very clean and neat.

Indeed, Holland is said to be the cleanest country in the world.

The Dutch mothers scrub their houses both inside and outside. They scrub the bricks on the sidewalks. If there is a tree near by, they scrub the trunk of that.

Oh, they are very, very clean. You would find no dust in their houses. Their houses are always clean and shining.

There are many, many windmills in Holland.

They whirl and whirl all day long.

When the long arms of the windmills whirl, they make a creaking sound.

The windmills are busy workers.

They work for the people of Holland.

You think that is strange, do you not? Perhaps you are wondering what work a windmill can do as it whirls and whirls in the wind?

I will tell you.

The windmills pump water. The windmills grind corn and other grain. The windmills saw wood, too. The Dutch people could not do without their big windmills.

Jan and Katrina are Dutch children. They live in a little blue house.

Their house is near a big, brown windmill.

The roof of their house is made of red tile.

Near the chimney is a big stork's nest.

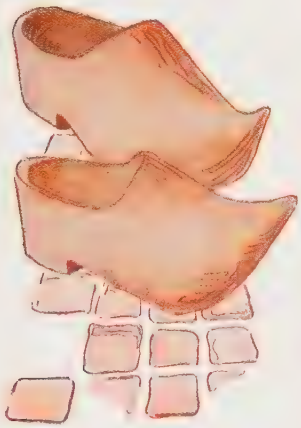
It is made of sticks and straw.

Jan and Katrina like to watch the storks.

They are glad when the little storks peep out of the nest.

THE WOODEN SHOES

Jan and Katrina wear wooden shoes. When they walk, the shoes go "Klip, klop, klip, klop."



I think it would be hard to walk in wooden shoes.

Do you not think so?

Katrina and Jan do not think so.

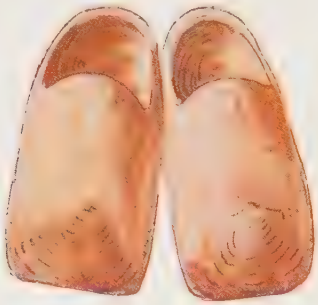
They can run and jump and walk in their wooden shoes.

They keep them very clean and white. They scrub them every night before they go to bed. Then they are all nice and clean to put on in the morning.

You might think that a wooden shoe is heavy. It is not heavier than your own shoe.

It is smooth inside. It is as smooth as your own little shoe.

It is held on the foot by a leather strap. Some wooden shoes are painted and have patterns on them. Others are scrubbed as white as snow.



THE DUTCH FATHER

Katrina and Jan get up very early in the morning. Their father and mother get up early too.

Their father goes out in his fishing boat. He is gone all day. At sunset, he comes home.

Katrina and Jan run to meet him. Sometimes they run on the high dike. They tell their father all that has happened during the day.

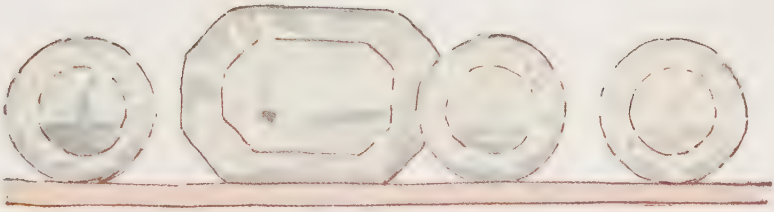
They are very happy together.

Katrina's mother has some cows. They are black and white. The Dutch mother gets up early in the morning to milk the cows.

She puts the milk into shining pans. Then she waits for the cream to rise. She takes the cream and from it she makes butter and cheese.

Katrina helps her mother. She churns the butter. Sometimes she puts the cheeses on the shelves.

Katrina's mother makes brown bread and white bread. Katrina likes the brown bread, but Jan likes the white bread best. He likes to eat it with butter and honey.



THE BLUE DISHES

Katrina's mother has some pretty dishes. They are blue and white dishes.

Katrina has a little plate. Jan has a plate, too. They use their plates at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Katrina likes to wash her mother's blue and white dishes. She dries them with a little towel. When she dries them, she puts them away in the cupboard. She is very careful. She puts them neatly on the shelves in the cupboard.

JAN'S WORK

Jan's mother wants Jan and Katrina to be busy children. She does not want them to play all the time.

So Jan drives the black and white cows to the green meadow. At night he goes after them. He tends the geese, too. They have great flocks of geese.

Katrina helps Jan watch the geese in the meadow. They are big, white geese. They look like patches of snow on the green meadow.

Katrina's mother is very kind to her.

She gave her some knitting needles one day. She gave her a big ball of red yarn.

She showed Katrina how to knit.

Katrina learned very fast.

Soon she could knit as well as her mother.

Her mother showed her how to knit stockings, mittens, lace, and even a hood. Katrina is very proud of her knitting work.

KATRINA'S DUCKS

Katrina has some ducks of her own. They are big, white ducks.

She is fond of her big, white ducks. She takes them to the little pond in the meadow. They like to swim in the pond.

Katrina takes her knitting with her. She knits while the ducks swim.

The ducks say "Quack, quack," as they swim about. Katrina sings a little song while she knits. She sings:

"O, the arms of the windmill
Are high, oh, so high,
And they creak and they creak
As they go whirling by,
O, I wonder, I wonder,
Do they touch the sky,
The arms of the mill
As they go whirling by?"

"Will you make me some rolls, Katrina?" asked Jan one day. "Bram and I are going out in the meadow. Mother said we could stay until it is time to bring the cows home."

"But I have no meal," said Katrina.

"I will go over to Mynheer Van's windmill. I will bring you some meal," said Jan. So Jan ran to the windmill and brought home the meal.

Katrina made him some rolls. She made him a cake too. She put little seeds in the cake. It was very good.

Then she got a pat of butter and a slice of cheese. She put the rolls, cake, butter, and cheese in a basket. She spread a clean napkin over the top.

"Here is your lunch, Jan," she called. "There is enough for Bram, too."

"You are a good little sister, Katrina. Thank you very much," said Jan. Then he and Bram went away to the meadow to stay until sunset.

KATRINA'S MOTHER

The Dutch mother is busy all day. She looks very neat at her work. She wears a blue dress. She wears a stiff white cap. She wears a big brown apron.

Sometimes when it is cool, she wears a pretty red shawl. She has some gold ear-rings.

Katrina says she is going to wear gold ear-rings when she grows up. She thinks her mother's ear-rings are very pretty.

Katrina's mother wears wooden shoes, too, but her shoes are much larger than Jan's or Katrina's.

Jan's mother made him a little coat. She made it of blue cloth. She put big brass buttons on it.

Jan likes to count his buttons. He plays a game with them. He makes a wish; and pointing to his buttons, he says, "Yes, no, yes, no." He pretends the buttons tell him if he will get his wish.

Jan is proud of his fine blue coat. He wears it when he goes to town.

The mother made Katrina a little stiff cap and a pretty white apron. The apron had lace on it. Katrina's mother knit the lace.

JAN'S DOG, RINK

Jan has a dog. He is a good strong dog. His name is Rink.

Jan has a big cart. It is a milk cart. It is always full of tall, shining milk-cans.

Rink draws the cart. He draws it to the town. Jan drives him.

When they go to the town, Jan sells his good sweet milk. Jan is kind to Rink. He helps him pull the cart when the way is rough. He pats Rink on the head and says, "Good Rink, good Rink. You are a good dog. I will give you a big bone when I get home."

And Jan always does what he says. He always gives Rink a bone, and a drink of fresh water, when he comes back from the town.

THE LITTLE DUTCH FRIENDS

Hilda, Kassie, and Karl are little Dutch children, too. They do not live far from the blue house where Jan and Katrina live.

They live over on the other side of the big, brown windmill. They come to play with Jan and Katrina. Katrina and Jan go over to play with them.

Hilda, Kassie, and Karl live in a red house. It is by the canal.

The children like to play there. They have a little flatboat. They sail around on the canal. Sometimes they sail under the little bridge by the meadow.

"O mother," said Katrina one day, "there goes Jan to town with the milk cart! May I go with him and Rink? Please let me go, mother?"

"Yes, Katrina," said mother, "you may go, but you must take your knitting with you. You can knit as you walk along with Jan beside the milk cart, and when the milk is sold, you may ride home in the cart."

So Katrina ran for her knitting, and soon she was walking along by the side of Jan and Rink.

Her ball of yarn was in the big pocket of her apron, and she knit busily as she walked. She was careful not to drop any stitches.

When they came to the town, Katrina helped Jan sell the milk. Soon all the milk was sold and the big cans were empty.

"Get in the cart, Katrina," said Jan, "and have a ride home." "No," said Katrina, "it is such a warm day, and poor Rink is tired. Just think! He pulled all these heavy milk cans to town!"

HILDA'S VISIT

Hilda came over to the blue house one day. Jan's mother was busy. She was washing her pretty blue dishes. She was all alone.

"Where is Jan?" asked Hilda.

"Jan has gone to town with Rink and the cart," said Mother.

"Where is Katrina?"

"Katrina has gone over to the windmill to get water," said Mother.

"She will be home soon.

"Come in, Hilda."

So Hilda went in and sat down in Jan's little red chair. "Katrina said she would come and play with me. I will wait for her," said Hilda.

"Where are you going to play?" asked Mother.

"We are going to play by the canal," said Hilda, "and Karl says he will take us to ride in the boat."

"There is Katrina now," said Mother. "See! she has two pails of water. How careful she is! She does not spill a drop!"

Katrina was very glad to see Hilda. She set her pails of water on the broad shelf in the kitchen.

"Here is the fresh water, Mother," she cried; "now you can have a nice cool drink."

Then she and Hilda ran away to play with Karl and Kassie down by the canal.

THE DUTCH BEDS

The Dutch beds are not like our beds. They are built in the walls of houses like cupboards. They are like little shelves or presses in the wall.

They have feather beds on them. The feather beds are nice and soft.

In summer, the Dutch boys and girls have quilts over them. In the winter, they sleep on one feather bed, and have another feather bed and quilts to cover them. They are very warm.

Katrina has a blue and white quilt on her bed. Jan has a red and green quilt. Their grandmother made the quilts for them.

Their grandmother is a dear little Dutch lady who lives down near the ocean. The children like to go and see her.

THE DUTCH GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

Jan's grandmother lives in a little pink and white house by the sea. You can hear the waves as they come up on the sandy shore.

You can stand in grandmother's garden and look away out over the sea.

Sometimes the water looks bright and blue. Sometimes it looks deep and green. Sometimes it looks dark gray, and the waves have white caps of foam. The children call them the "Sea-King's White Horses."

Grandmother's house is very neat and clean. She has brick floors in her house. She covers her brick floors with clean white sand.

Grandmother has a very old black table in her house. She has some old black chairs, too. She rubs them every day. They are always bright and shining.

Grandmother loves to keep them so.

Jan says he can see his face in the top of grandmother's table. It is so shiny that it is like a looking-glass.

Grandmother has a row of plates on her wall. They look like silver.

She has some blue dishes, too. Katrina says that they are like her mother's dishes. They have boats and windmills on them.

Grandmother says they are Delft dishes. They were made in Delft. Delft is a city in Holland where they make beautiful dishes.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK

Jan's grandmother has a clock. It is a beautiful clock. It is made of carved wood. It is made in the shape of a little house.

There is a door in the house and there are windows.

The weights that hang down look like big acorns.

The numbers on the face of the clock are white.

The hands are white, too.

When it is time for the clock to strike, a little bell rings. The little door flies open. Out pops a dear little white bird. It is a cuckoo. It says "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

If it is three o'clock, it says "Cuckoo" three times. If it is six o'clock, it says "Cuckoo" six times.

What hour does it say "Cuckoo" the most times? What name do we call that hour in the day-time? When does it say "Cuckoo" only once?

Grandmother winds the cuckoo clock once a week. She winds it every Sunday morning. She winds it just before she goes to church.

GRANDMOTHER'S DUTCH STOVE

Grandmother has a large stove. It is not at all like our stoves. Our stoves are made of iron and are black.

Grandmother's Dutch stove is white. It is made of white porcelain. There are pretty colored pictures on grandmother's stove.

Jan and Katrina like to go to grandmother's on a cold day and sit before her pretty stove. They take off their wooden shoes and get their toes warm.

Grandmother sits beside the stove, too. She tells them pretty stories about the pictures on her stove.

VISITING AT GRANDMOTHER'S

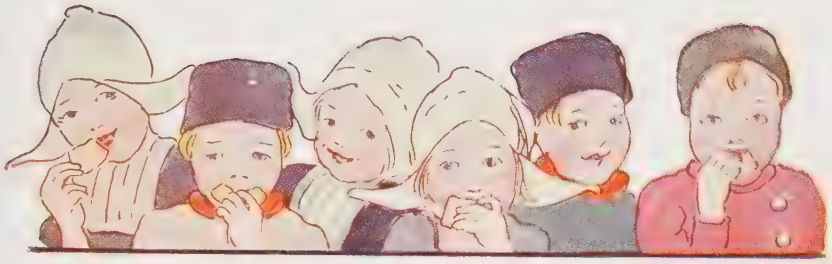
Grandmother asked Jan and Katrina to come and visit her one day. She told them to bring their friends, Hilda, Kassie, Karl, and Bram with them.

Hilda, Kassie, Karl, and Bram were all glad to go. So they dressed in their best.

"We will meet by the windmill," they said, "and we will go along the dike to grandmother's house." So they met at the windmill, and away they went all together.

Grandmother was looking for them. She took them into the house. She gave them each a bowl of curds and whey and some nice, fresh honey cakes.

"Oh, how good this is!" cried Kassie.



"Yes, yes, Grandmother, no one can make curds and whey like yours," said Jan.

"Or honey cakes either," said Karl.

When the children went home, grandmother gave each one of them a honey cake cut like a heart. She gave each one a pretty shell.

The children said, "We have had such a good time, grandmother."

And grandmother said, "I have had a good time, too, children. You must come to see me again soon."

JAN AND KATRINA ON THE DIKES

Jan and Katrina like to run on the dike. It is wide, and quite like a road. They take Rink and the cart up on the dike too.

Rink likes to run on the dike. He likes to feel the fresh air blow in from the sea.

When they are up on the dike, Jan and Katrina can see all around. They can see far, far away. They can look out over the broad ocean. They see the big boats and the little boats sailing to and fro.

Jan points to the ocean and says, "Katrina, away, away over the ocean, where those big boats are sailing, is America. American boys and girls live

there. It is a fine country and very large."

"Do you think we will ever go to America, Jan?" asks little Katrina.

"Perhaps, some day," answers Jan.

When Jan and Katrina are up on the dike, they can look over their

own land. They can see the canals and the bridges and the boats.

They can see the beautiful gardens. They can see the bright houses, and the big windmills that whirl round and round.

They can see the girls tending geese in the fields. They can see the black and white cows eating grass in the meadows. They can see the men with their dog-carts going along the road to town.

JAN'S BIRTHDAY

It is Jan's birthday. He is eight years old. He is a very happy little boy.

He has many fine birthday presents.

Father gave him a beautiful little toy boat. It has sails on it and it can go very fast.

Mother gave him a book. In it is a story of a boy named Peter. Jan will tell you about it when he reads his book.

Katrina gave Jan a red cap that she knit herself, and Grandmother gave him a beautiful little green and yellow bird in a cage.

Jan says, "Everybody is so good to me on my birthday."

O, Jan was very happy!

And then in the afternoon, mother asked Hilda and Bram and Karl and Kassie to come over. She set the table out in the garden.

In the middle of the table was a big pink birthday cake. It had nuts on the top of it. It was very good. The children all said so. And they knew, for they ate it all!

LITTLE WOODEN SHOES

Who looks like a tulip on every bright
day,
As he works in the meadow and pitches
the hay,
In his pretty red cap and his waist-coat
so gay?
Little Wooden Shoes.

Who looks like a daffy-down-dilly so
fair,
With a pretty white cap on her neat
yellow hair,
And the bright orange gown it delights
her to wear?
Little Wooden Shoes.

Can you guess who these "Wooden
Shoes" really are,
In the Land of the Windmills, so quaint
and so far?
Now listen, and I'll tell you just who
they are,
Katrina and Jan!

THE DUTCH GARDENS

No one can think of a more beautiful sight than the Dutch gardens in spring. They are full of red, yellow, white and pink tulips.

There are rows and rows of purple, pink and white hyacinths.

There are great fields of yellow daffodils. They look like patches of sunshine.

There are rows and rows of beautiful white narcissus plants. The sweetness of these plants fills the air.

Katrina and Jan love to go into the beautiful gardens. They pull the weeds from the flower beds.

They like to watch the big, buzzing bees fly around among the flowers.

They like to see the pretty butterflies flitting here and there. Some of the butterflies are white and red, and some are big and yellow.

"The white and red butterflies look like tulips flying away," said Jan.

"The yellow butterflies look like daffodils," said little Katrina.

THE BARGE

Bram's father has a barge. Do you know what a barge is?

It is a big flat boat. The barge of Bram's father is red and yellow.

It has big blue sails. It looks very pretty as it sails down the canals. Bram's father often takes him out in the barge.

Sometimes Bram asks Jan and Katrina, Hilda, Kassie, and Karl to go with him.

When the flowers of the tulips and hyacinths have faded, the Dutch people dig up the bulbs from which grow the stems of the plants.

The Dutch people are very proud of their fine tulips.

They pack the bulbs carefully. They sell them and make a great deal of money.

Bram's father sails his barge on the canals to the tulip fields. Then Bram and Jan and Katrina and Kassie and Hilda and Karl help dig up the tulip bulbs. They put them in boxes on the barge.

They work busily all the long day.

"I wonder who will plant these bulbs?" asked Bram.

"Perhaps some boy in America," answered Karl; "every year we send thousands of bulbs to America. The Americans love our Dutch tulips."

When the sun is setting, they sail back in the big barge. Past the green meadows they sail, past the yellow and blue farmhouses with red tiled roofs.

They glide slowly along. The big barge makes pretty ripples in the smooth water.

They see the black and white cows waiting to be milked. They hear the cowbells tinkle. They see the Dutch boys and girls carrying water in big pails.

They sail past the big, brown windmill. They see its arms go slowly round. It makes pretty shadows on the water in the canal.

They see the willow trees bending down to look in the water. And they hear the little birds singing their good-night songs.

The sun sinks down, down. The sky is all red and yellow and orange. The purple shadows begin to fall. Night is coming — and here they are at home again!

BRAM'S LITTLE SISTER

Bram has a little sister. She is a dear little baby. She has round red cheeks. She has curly yellow hair. She has big blue eyes. Her name is Annetka.

Little Annetka has a cradle. It is made of carved wood. It is a very old cradle.

Little Annetka's grandfather was rocked in that very same cradle when he was a baby. So you can see that it is very old.

Bram loves his little sister. He likes to rock her in the quaint, old cradle.

Sometimes he sings to her. He sings her the song his mother sings.

This is the one he likes best.

THE LULLABY SONG

The wind blows in from the sea to-
night,
Sleep, little daffodil, sleep,
In the sky the little stars twinkle bright,
Sleep, little daffodil, sleep.
And the windmill goes creaking around
and around,
And the shades of the night are now
purpling the ground,
All the flowers close their eyes and
are now sleeping sound,
So sleep, little daffodil, sleep.

LITTLE RIKKA

Rikka is one of Katrina's little Dutch friends. She lives near grandmother's house by the sea.

Her father is a fisherman. He works on the fishing-boat with Jan's father.

Sometimes the fathers take the children out on the ocean in the big fishing-boats. The big green waves rock the boat up and down.

Rikka and Katrina like to sit in the front end of the boat. They like to feel on their faces the salt spray from the ocean.

Jan helps the men with the nets. He thinks he is like a man when he works with them. Rikka's father says that Jan is a good worker.

Rikka did not want to learn to knit. She said it was too hard. She said she would rather play on the beach.

Her mother said to her, "Rikka, if you will learn to knit, I will give you a 'Wonder-Ball.'"

"A 'Wonder-Ball!' What is that, mother?" asked Rikka.

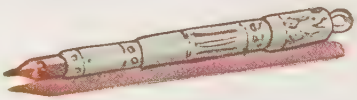
"It is a ball of yarn," said her mother. "There are little presents or surprise gifts wound up in the ball. As you knit the yarn from the ball, the gifts fall out."

"Oh, I should like a Wonder-Ball, Mother," cried Rikka. "I will learn to knit and I will knit fast so that I can knit my presents from the ball."

Rikka's mother made her a "Wonder-Ball." It was a very big, blue ball. She gave Rikka some shining needles and taught her how to knit.

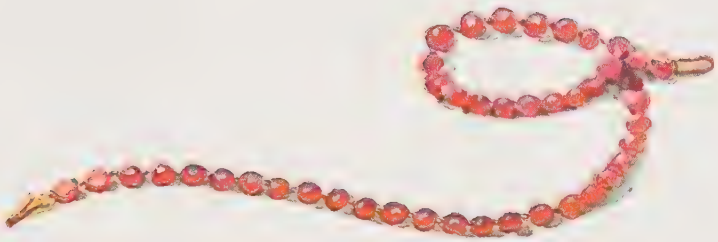
Rikka tried and tried, and at last she learned to knit. It was very hard at first, but she did not give up.

The first gift she knit from her ball was a little silver pencil. She was much pleased with it.



She knit hard every day.

It seemed a long time before she came to the next gift.



Then a pretty chain of red beads came out of the "Wonder-Ball."

She knit and knit away. The gifts she knit from the "Wonder-Ball" were many.

She sang a little song as she worked.

She called it her "Knitting Song."

Click, clack, click, clack,
On go the needles, forward and back,
Careful never a stitch to drop,
Busily knit with never a stop.
Forward and back, forward and back,
Bright little needles, click, click, clack.

Among her gifts was a little gold ring with a blue stone in it. She had also a wooden bird, a tiny doll, and a thimble. She called her thimble her "finger-hat."

Rikka was very happy. She thanked her good mother many times for the lovely, big "Wonder-Ball."

Rikka soon learned to knit very well. She liked to knit even when she had no "Wonder-Ball." She knit a scarf for her father. She knit a jacket for her doll. "It is such fun to make things," said busy little Rikka.

THE FIRE AND WATER MAN

Jan and Katrina were down at Bram's house. Bram's house is by the canal.

Down the canal came a man in a boat. Now and then the man would call "Fire" in a loud voice. Then he would call "Water."

He was the Fire-and-Water Man. He sells fire and water to the people by the canal.

Bram's mother called, "Quick, Bram! Here comes the Fire-and-Water Man! Run for the shovel and buy some coals of fire from him. I need water, too. Take the big blue pail with the cover, then you will not spill any of the water. Hurry, Bram!"

"I will take your pail to the man," said Jan. "I will carry the water and Bram can carry the fire."

So Bram and Jan ran down to the boat and bought hot coals and fresh water from the man.

Then the man sailed on down the canal in his boat. They could hear him calling "Fire" and "Water." He was going to sell fire and water to other Dutch mothers.

THE WINDMILL GAME

Jan and Katrina like to play the Windmill Game. They get Bram and Hilda and Kassie and Karl to play with them.

This is the way they play the game. Each one chooses a partner. They stand back to back. They stretch out their arms. They wave their arms up and down. When one arm goes up the other arm goes down. They look like a windmill whirling around.

They sing:

Windmill, windmill, whirl around
With a whirring, creaking sound,
Up and down,
Away we go,
Windmills go both fast and slow.

It takes two children to make a windmill in this Windmill Game. If Jan and Hilda and Kassie and Karl and Bram and Katrina all play, how many windmills do they make?

THE STORY IN JAN'S BOOK

Do you remember the book that Jan's mother gave him for his birthday?

Jan has read the book now. He will tell you the story of little Peter. He likes it the best of all the stories in his book.

THE STORY

Peter was a little Dutch boy. He lived in Holland. He lived by the big dike. The dike was very big and very strong. It kept the sea from the land of Holland.

Peter knew how men watched the dikes. He knew that they had to do it, for if a leak came in the dike, the water would rush in.

The dike would break and the water would cover the land.

One day Peter's mother said to Peter, "Peter, I wish you would take your father's dinner to him. He is working far, far down on the shore. You may run along on the dike if you wish."

So Peter started out with his basket. He went along the dike. He had gone quite far, and was tired, so he sat down to rest.

As he sat there, he heard a trickling sound. "That sounds like water trickling in a hole," said Peter to himself.

He looked around. At last he found a little hole in the dike. The water was trickling in.

It was only a tiny stream.

"O, what shall I do?" said Peter. He ran to see if there was any one coming. But he could see no one. So he ran back to the hole in the dike and put his little hand over the hole. His hand stopped the water from coming in.

Poor Peter called and called, but no one heard. He became very stiff and lame, but he did not take his hand from the hole in the dike.

At last the sun went down, and it began to grow dark. Peter's father and mother came to look for him. They found him cold and frightened with his little hand over the leak in the dike.

Men came with their tools and mended the dike.

"Brave, brave Peter," they said. "You have saved your country from a great flood."

All the people thought Peter was very brave indeed. They came to see him and brought him gifts. Even the king thanked Peter and sent him a bag of gold.

"I think Peter was very brave and very unselfish," said Jan. "He did not think of himself, though he was cold and stiff and frightened. He thought of all the people who would lose their homes and lives, and so, though he was only a little boy, he was brave and strong enough to save his country from the sea."

A SLEIGH RIDE ON THE CANAL

One cold afternoon in winter, Jan's mother said, "You may hitch Rink to the big sled, Jan, and you and Katrina may ride away down the canal to grandmother's house. Grandmother knows you are coming.

"You are to stay all night. Father and I are going to the festival in the city."

"Oh, good, good!" cried Jan, and he ran out to tell Katrina.

Katrina was very happy, for she liked nothing better than to go to grandmother's house.

She clapped her hands. "I will get ready at once," she cried. "What a good time we will have with grandmother!"

Jan hitched Rink to the big red sled. Rink seemed to know he was going to grandmother's, for he barked and wagged his tail for joy.

Then Jan and Katrina got ready for their long ride on the canal. Jan put on three coats and a warm muffler. He wore two caps on his head. Katrina put on two coats and a shawl, and wore two hoods.

Their mother tucked them up warmly on the big sled. She gave them a basket full of goodies to take to grandmother. She stood in the door of their little blue house and waved her hand. "Good-by, my little ones, good-by," she called, "grandmother will be watching for you."

With a bound, Rink was off, and away they went over the smooth ice on the canal. They went by the brown windmill. They saw Hilda, Karl, and Kassie playing in the snow. Hilda, Karl, and Kassie shouted at them and waved their hands. Jan and Katrina waved back to their friends, and Rink ran on and on.

It was night. Jan and Katrina and grandmother had had their supper. Katrina had helped grandmother wash the dishes. It was not time for bed.

"Let us sit down before the fire, Grandmother," said Jan, "and you can tell us a story."

"O yes, please, Grandmother," cried little Katrina, and she ran to get grandmother's big armchair with the red cushions.

Grandmother smiled and sat down in the chair. It had big, wide arms. Jan sat on one arm of the chair and Katrina sat on the other.

"What shall I tell you about?" asked grandmother.

"Tell us about St. Nicholas," said Jan. "You know, Grandmother, it is nearly time for him to come."

"Why, so it is," said grandmother.

Then she began:

"Far, far away from here, in the forest of Christmas trees, lives an old man. He has white hair, a long white beard and the brightest eyes you ever saw. He wears a beautiful red suit, and it is

trimmed with the whitest of fur. The name of this good old man is St. Nicholas. All the year long, in his forest of Christmas trees, St. Nicholas is busy making toys and sweetmeats for the good little boys and girls."

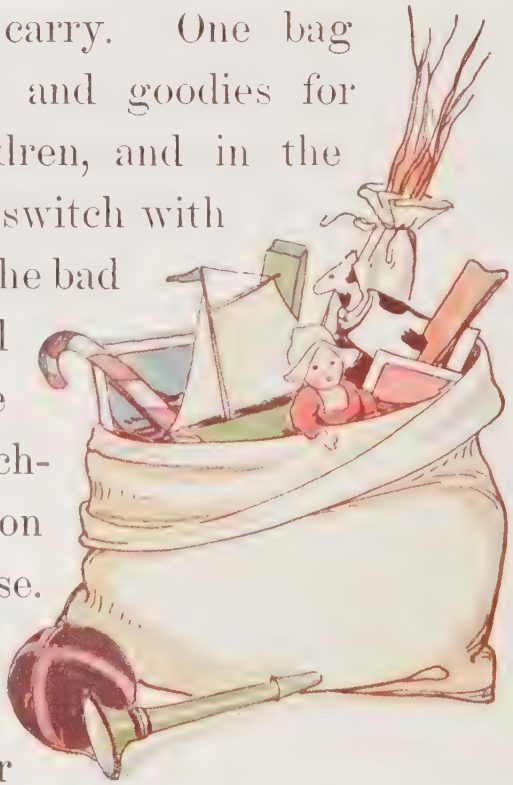
"What toys does he make, Grandmother?" asked Katrina.

"O, little wooden dogs and horses and birds and pigs and chickens and dolls and doll-houses," answered grandmother.

Then she went on with her story. "St. Nicholas has a beautiful big white horse.

"At Christmas time he takes the white horse from its stall. 'Come, my horse,' says St. Nicholas. 'It is Christmas

time once again, and you must take me all over the land to visit the little Dutch boys and girls.' Then St. Nicholas calls his black servant. He lets him ride on a black horse and gives him two bags to carry. One bag is full of toys and goodies for the good children, and in the other bag is a switch with which to beat the bad children. All through the night St. Nicholas rides on his white horse.

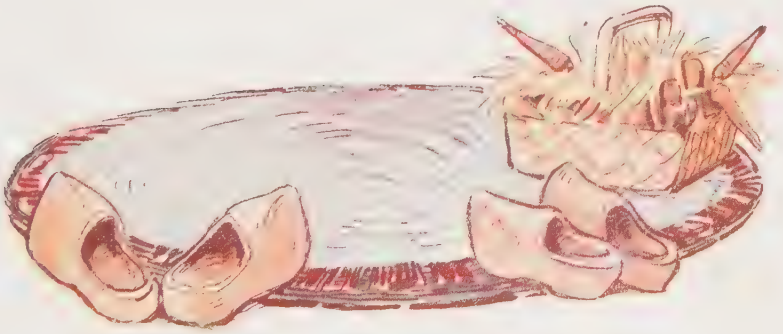


"The little Dutch children put their

wooden shoes down by the fireplace. Near by, they put a basket of hay and carrots for the white horse of St. Nicholas.

"In the morning, when the good children get up, the hay and the carrots are gone, and the wooden shoes are full of toys and goodies."

"What a nice story," says Katrina.



CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND

It is Christmas Eve. Jan and Katrina have taken off their wooden shoes. They have scrubbed them white as snow, and they have set them down by the fireplace.

"We must not forget the white horse," says Jan.

So, near by, they have placed a pretty red and yellow basket. In it are some carrots, some hay, and some oats. They are for the white horse of St. Nicholas.

Mother tucks the children in their funny Dutch beds in the wall.

They look very snug and warm. Their round cheeks are very red and their eyes are very bright.

"I hope St. Nicholas will not leave me a switch, Mother," says Jan.

"O, I hope not," says Katrina. "You do not think he will, do you, Mother?"

Mother smiles and shakes her head: "I cannot tell, my little ones," she says. "Go to sleep now, and in the morning we shall see."

So Jan and Katrina turn their faces to the wall. They cuddle up in their warm feather beds and go to sleep.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Jan and Katrina got up early on Christmas morning. They ran to the fireplace. There were the wooden shoes! They were filled with good things. There were toys on the floor beside the shoes.

"O Mother! Father! Come quick! See what the good St. Nicholas has brought us!" cried Jan and Katrina.

"What beautiful gifts!" says mother. "St. Nicholas must think you are good children."

St. Nicholas brought Jan a little wooden horse on wheels.

He brought him a woolly lamb that says "Baa" when you press a spring in its back.

Jan had three books, too, and a pen and a red penholder. What fine gifts!

Katrina had a little cradle for her doll. She had a doll-cart. She had a gold chain, a lace collar, and a pretty blue gown.

Jan and Katrina also had many sweetmeats, nuts, and little cakes.

Bram's father gave him some rabbits. They are white rabbits, with pink eyes. They have long, pink ears. They are very pretty. They like to eat clover and cabbage and lettuce.

Katrina and Jan like to go to Bram's house. When they go there, Jan says, "Let us go out and see the rabbits, Bram." And Bram says, "All right. Come on, Katrina." But Katrina wants to stay and play with baby Annetka.

"You go on, boys," says she. "I will come by and by."

So the boys go out to see the rabbits. Katrina plays with little Annetka. She throws a big ball to the baby. The baby tries to catch it, but she cannot.

Katrina puts Annetka in her little cart. She rides her up and down on the brick path in the garden. The baby likes to see the pretty flowers. She likes to look at the white shells and stones by the garden path.

By and by Annetka's mother comes out. "It is time for your nap, baby," says she. So she takes little Annetka into the house.

Then Katrina runs away to see the rabbits.

THE MARKET

One day Katrina and Jan went to market with Bram and his father. They sailed down the canal on the barge.

The market place was full of noise and busy life.

There were hens and ducks and geese that cackled and quacked and hissed.

There were rows and rows of cheeses, pats of yellow butter, and honeycombs dripping with honey.

There were dog-carts filled with milk-cans, with apples, with potatoes, and other vegetables.

There were Dutch girls selling lace and flowers.

There were bakers with trays full of bread, rolls, and cakes.

Katrina bought a wooden spoon to take home to her mother. Jan bought mother a big yellow bowl.

"Mother will like to stir cake in it," he said.

"Yes, and she can stir it with this nice, wooden spoon," said little Katrina.

It is winter. The canals in Holland are frozen over. The ice is very smooth and thick.

All the Dutch children have skates. Their fathers and mothers have skates, too. Everybody that is strong and well skates on the Dutch canals in Winter.

Jan and Katrina and their little friends Bram and Hilda and Kassie and Karl all have skates. They skate up and down and around and around.

They have skating matches. The one who can skate farthest and fastest beats. Sometimes Jan beats and sometimes Karl does.

The girls cannot skate as fast as the boys.

One day Jan was down on the beach. There he saw a man with a dog and a cart. The man was putting sand in the cart. He was going to make the dog pull it into town.

The poor dog was sick. His feet were sore and he was not strong enough to pull the heavy cart.

The man had a whip. He whipped the poor dog. The dog moaned and cried. He fell down between the shafts of the cart. His master beat him, and tried to make him get up.

Jan saw the cruel master whip the poor dog. He felt very sorry for the dog. He ran up to the man. "You must not beat your dog," said Jan.

"He is old and he is not strong enough to pull your heavy load."

"He is a good-for-nothing dog," said the man. "I wish I could sell him."

So Jan asked the man how much he wanted for the dog. Jan had enough money, so he bought the poor old dog.

He took him home. He washed the dog's sore feet. He gave him food and drink. He made a soft bed for him to lie on.

"He will be a playmate for Rink," said Jan. "I will call him Kris." Kris grew well and strong. He was always grateful to Jan for saving him from his cruel master.

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